MARVEL®

© 1987 MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT GROUP, INC.

75¢ US
95¢ CAN
13 NOV
02290

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

new universe™

D.P.7™

IF THE ANTIBODIES CAN'T STOP MASTODON, THERE WILL BE A--

KILLING AT THE CLINIC!

11
0 71486 02290 9

MARK GRUENWALD WRITER · PAUL RYAN PENCILER · DANNY BULANADI INKER · PAUL BECTON COLORIST · PHIL FELIX LETTERER · HOWARD MACKIE EDITOR · TOM DEFALCO EDITOR IN CHIEF

D.P. 7 ™ Vol. 1, No. 13, November, 1987. Published by MARVEL COMICS, A NEW WORLD COMPANY. James E. Galton, President; Stan Lee, Publisher; Michael Hobson, Group Vice-President; Mitt Schiffman, Vice President, Production. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016. **Application to mail at second class postage rates is pending at New York, NY and at additional mailing offices.** Published monthly. Copyright © 1987 by Marvel Entertainment Group, Inc. All rights reserved. Price 75¢ per copy in the U.S. and 95¢ in Canada. Subscription rate $9.00 for 12 issues. Canada and foreign $11.00. Printed in the U.S.A. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended and any similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the conditions that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition. MARVEL and D.P. 7 (including all prominent characters featured in this issue and the distinctive likenesses thereof) are trademarks of the MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT GROUP, INC. **POSTMASTER: SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO D.P. 7, 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016.**

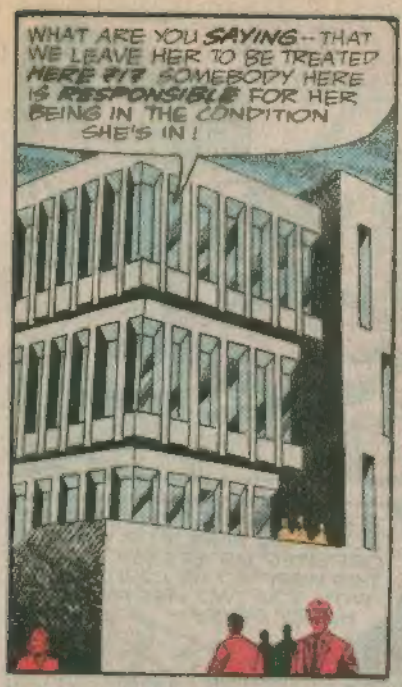
GOTCHA. YOU OKAY?
Y-YEAH... NOT USED TO THAT MANY ANTI-BODIES COMING HOME TO ROOST AT ONCE!
NOT SURPRISING. UP UNTIL A FEW MINUTES AGO* YOU DIDN'T KNOW YOU HAD MORE THAN ONE OF THOSE WEIRD ENERGY-BEINGS.
* LAST ISSUE.

THEY FIND ANY-THING?
NO, I HAD THEM SEARCH EVERY SQUARE INCH OF THE CLINIC, AND THEY FOUND NO SIGN OF PHILIP NOLAN VOIGT!

THEN MAYBE HE DID DISINTEGRATE LIKE IT LOOKED. MAYBE WE DID RID THIS PLACE OF THE MADMAN IN CHARGE!
STILL, WE'D BETTER NOT TAKE ANY CHANCES. LET'S GET WHILE THE GETTING'S GOOD.
WAIT! WHAT ARE YOU DOING--?

WHAT'S IT LOOK LIKE? I'M GRABBING STEPHIE SO WE CAN SPLIT. THE OTHER FOUR OF OUR GROUP MAY NOT WANT TO GO, BUT--
THINK A MINUTE, DAVE! WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO RESCUE HER TO? SOMETHING HAPPENED TO STEPHANIE WHILE I WAS SEDATED AND YOU WERE IN HIDING. SHE'S CATATONIC!

SHE NEEDS AROUND-THE-CLOCK PROFESSIONAL CARE! WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO TAKE HER TO GET IT? WHAT HOSPITAL WILL BE ABLE TO GET PAST HER WEIRD PHYSICAL SYMPTOMS-- HER PARANORMAL ENERGIES-- TO TREAT HER MIND?!


WHAT ARE YOU SAYING -- THAT WE LEAVE HER TO BE TREATED HERE ?!? SOMEBODY HERE IS RESPONSIBLE FOR HER BEING IN THE CONDITION SHE'S IN!

HOW DO WE KNOW IT WASN'T VOIGT? IF IT WAS, HE'S GONE NOW!
RANDY, THOSE ANTI-HANDS OF YOURS ARE VERY DISTRACTING.

SORRY, I'VE HAD HARD ENOUGH A TIME KEEPING JUST ONE OF THESE DARK FELLOWS IN LINE!
LOOK, I'VE BEEN BED-RIDDEN FOR MONTHS... MY MUSCLES HAVE ATROPHIED...

IN THE CONDITION I'M IN, I'M NOT UP FOR LIFE ON THE RUN AGAIN.
SO YOU'RE SAYING WE SHOULD STAY?!?
YEAH, WE SHOULD CHECK THIS PLACE OUT, SEE IF VOIGT WAS THE ONE ROTTEN APPLE HERE OR IF THERE ARE OTHERS.

IF WE WEED OUT THE CREEPS, MAYBE THE CLINIC CAN BE USED FOR WHAT WE WERE TOLD IT WAS FOR-- TO HELP PARANORMALS ADJUST TO--
SOMEONE'S COMING!

IT'S DR. SEMPLE AND THE SECURITY BOYS!
WHAT IN THE WORLD HAS BEEN HAPPENING HERE?
I WOULDN'T BE TOO SURE ABOUT HER. VOIGT SOMEHOW DISGUISED HIMSELF AS HER. REMEMBER?

WE'RE NOT TALKING TO YOU, DOCTOR, UNLESS YOU TELL YOUR BOY SCOUTS TO TAKE A HIKE!
WISH THE OL' LADY'D LET US TAKE THE TRANK GUNS. DON'T TRUST THAT HAIRY MUDDER.
HMMM.

MR. DWYER, TAKE YOUR MEN AND WAIT DOWN THE HALL. I WON'T BE NEEDING YOU.
WELL, IF YOU SAY SO, DOCTOR.

I'D OFFER YOU MY CHAIR, DOCTOR, BUT I DON'T HAVE THE MUSCLES TO STAND ANYMORE.
TELL HER SOMETHING SHE DOESN'T KNOW.
YES, PLEASE DO! WHAT'S BEEN GOING ON HERE? DR. VOIGT ORDERED US TO STAY OUT OF THIS WARD SO HE COULD DEAL WITH YOU TWO ALONE. WE HEARD NOISE--

JUST HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW ABOUT NOLAN VOIGT?
I KNOW HE WAS A PSYCHOLOGY PROFESSOR BEFORE HE FOUNDED THE CLINIC--HIGHLY REGARDED IN THE FIELD.
I'D NEVER MET HIM UNTIL HE HIRED ME.

WHERE IS DR. VOIGT? THE SECURITY PEOPLE NEVER SAW HIM LEAVE THIS WARD, YET HE'S--
BRACE YOURSELF, DOCTOR--

--I'M GOING TO SHOW YOU WHERE VOIGT WENT, COURTESY OF MY ANTIBODY'S MEMORY-TRANSFERENCE CAPACITY!
OH!

RELAX. IT DOESN'T HURT.
I..I'M SEEING IMAGES...
"..THAT'S ME STANDING THERE..NO, WAIT, I'VE SUDDENLY TURNED INTO DR. VOIGT! HOW--?"
VOIGT! WHERE--? WHAT HAPPENED TO DR. SEMPLE?
NEVER MIND. YOU TWO ARE BEING MOST DISRUPTIVE. I CANNOT PERMIT IT.
"HIS VOICE...FILLED WITH SUCH COLD AUTHORITY! WHAT IS HE SAYING?"
IT IS OUR DESTINY AS PARA-NORMALS TO INHERIT THE EARTH! AND I, PHILIP NOLAN VOIGT, SHALL LEAD--WHAT?
"VOIGT'S A PARA-NORMAL--?"
VOIGTY-BABY, THE ONLY THING YOU'RE GOING TO BE LEADING IS THE LOCAL CHAPTER OF BUTTHEADS ANONYMOUS!
"SOMETHING GROWING OUT OF VOIGT--AN ANTIBODY!"
MY POWER OVER-SHADOWS YOURS, O'BRIEN--
--YOURS, LANDERS, EVERY-ONE'S--I AM THE OVERSHADOW!
"VOIGT'S ANTIBODY SEEMS TO BE SHAKEN--IT'S GRAB-BING VOIGT, PULLING HIM INTO ITS BODY--!"
COME OUT OF THERE, YOU STINKING LOONY!
"WHAT'S...HAPPENED..?"
IT LOOKS LIKE IT EXPLODED--WITH VOIGT INSIDE IT...
YOU THINK VOIGT'S DEAD?
MAYBE. I'LL TRY TO COAX MY BROOD TO SCOUR THE PREMISES FOR HIM.

I... DIDN'T KNOW HE WAS PARANORMAL... THAT HE COULD DO ALL THOSE THINGS! NEVER ONCE DID HE INTIMATE ANY OF HIS IDEAS OF PARANORMAL SUPREMACY, EITHER!
I'M STILL NOT SURE WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM!

NEITHER ARE WE, BUT THE SLIMEBALL'S GONE NOW, THAT MUCH WE KNOW. LOOKS LIKE THE CLINIC IS GOING TO HAVE TO GET A NEW DIRECTOR, OR ELSE SHUT DOWN.
YOU SOUND SO ANTAGONISTIC, DAVID.

HOW SHOULD I SOUND? DON'T YOU KNOW WHAT VOIGT AND HIS LACKEYS HAVE PUT US ALL THROUGH THE LAST NINE MONTHS!?!
HUNTING US LIKE ANIMALS... DOPING US, MESSING WITH OUR MINDS...!

STEPHANIE HAS BEEN TURNED INTO A VEGETABLE! THE OTHER FOUR INTO BLISSED-OUT MOONIES!
DON'T TELL ME YOU DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT ANY OF THIS!
I KNEW THAT VOIGT HAD SENT PRIVATE INVESTIGATORS TO APPREHEND YOU BEFORE YOU HURT YOURSELVES OR ANYONE ELSE...

LOOK, I DON'T MAKE THE POLICIES HERE. VOIGT DOES. HE BELIEVED THAT TREATING THE UNUSUAL REQUIRED UNUSUAL TREATMENTS.

I WAS AWARE THAT MR. CHARNE WAS ADMINISTERING CERTAIN BEHAVIOR MODIFICATION TREATMENTS TO THOSE PARANORMALS EXHIBITING SEVERE ADJUSTMENT PROBLEMS.
THE GOAL OF ALL PSYCHOTHERAPIES IS ATTITUDE AND BEHAVIOR MODIFICATION.
I ALSO KNEW YOUR GROUP WAS TO UNDERGO RADICAL TREATMENT TO CURB YOUR VIOLENT TENDENCIES.

WHAT I DID NOT KNOW IS THAT VOIGT HARBORED MASTER RACE DELUSIONS WHICH UNDOUBTEDLY INFLUENCED OUR PATIENT CARE POLICIES!
REGARDLESS, I WAS HIRED TO HELP PEOPLE, AND TO THE BEST OF MY ABILITY, THAT'S JUST WHAT I'VE DONE!

SO NOW WHAT HAPPENS? WITH VOIGT GONE, WILL THE CLINIC HAVE TO SHUT DOWN FOR LACK OF FUNDING?
IF NOT, WILL YOU STILL BE EMPLOYING BRAIN-WASHING TECHNIQUES?
WHO'S IN CHARGE NOW?

I DON'T KNOW THE ANSWER TO ANY OF THOSE QUESTIONS, BUT I INTEND TO FIND OUT.
YOU TWO CAN DO AS YOU WISH. AS LONG AS YOU'RE NOT DISRUPTIVE, I WILL SEE TO IT THAT YOU ARE NOT DISTURBED.

WHAT DO YOU THINK? SHE ON THE LEVEL?
SEEMS LIKE IT. AT ANY RATE, I DON'T THINK WE'RE IN ANY IMMEDIATE DANGER.

TAKE CARE, LITTLE LADY. WE'LL GET YOU OUT OF HERE YET.
...AND IF YOU SEE ANYTHING THREATENING OR EVEN SUSPICIOUS, HIGHTAIL IT BACK TO ME. GOT IT?
!
!
?

WE MAY NOT BE ABLE TO DO ANYTHING FOR STEPH RIGHT NOW, BUT WE CAN AT LEAST FIND OUT WHO'S RESPONSIBLE FOR HER CONDITION.
AND WHEN I DO, I'M GONNA POUND 'EM INTO PASTE.

THE FIRST FLOOR INTENSIVE CARE WARD...
TRACY! YOU-- YOU OKAY?
I-I THINK SO, DEX. WHAT HAPPENED? LAST THING I REMEMBER WE WERE ENTERING LANDERS' MIND...
WHAT A HEADACHE I HAVE. HOW LONG WERE WE OUT?
* LAST ISSUE.

ABOUT FOUR HOURS. WAY I FIGURE IT, LANDERS SOMEHOW MANAGED TO OVERCOME THE SEDATIVES, AND STRUCK US AS WE WENT INTO HIS MIND--
BUT HOW COULD HE HAVE SNEAKED UP LIKE THAT?

AND WHERE IS HE NOW? I CAN'T GET A READING ON HIS MIND ANYWHERE. IT'S LIKE HE--
WHAM
OH!

IF IT ISN'T SPECK AND CHARNE, TWO OF MY LEAST FAVORITE BRAINWASHERS! I'VE GOT A QUESTION FOR YOU TWO, AND IF YOU DON'T GIVE ME A STRAIGHT ANSWER, I WILL KILL YOU. YOU GOT THAT?

YOU FIRST, CHARNE. WHAT DID YOU PEOPLE DO TO STEPHANIE HARRINGTON?
UHLP! I-I DON'T-- GO ASK VOIGT!
CAN'T. VOIGT'S DEAD.
WHAT--?

YOU WERE IN CHARGE OF HER BRAINWASHING, JUST LIKE WITH RANDY'S AND MINE-- YOU MUST KNOW. COUNT OF THREE.
ONE...
TWO...

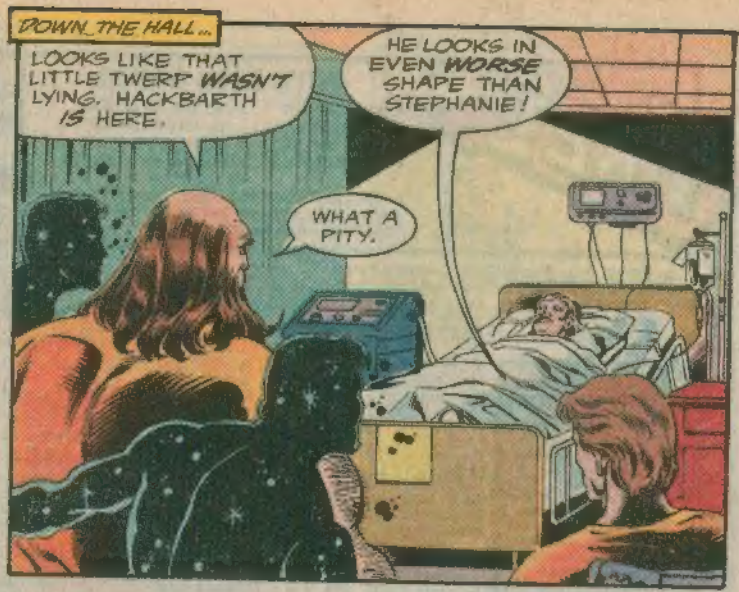
IT WAS HACKBARTH! W-WE COULDN'T KEEP HARRINGTON UNDER SEDATION. SHE KEPT METABOLIZING WHATEVER WE GAVE HER. HACKBARTH GOT ANGRY.
HE DECIDED TO GIVE HER A STROKE.

I-I TRIED TO PROTECT HER-- REALLY! I REFLECTED HACKBARTH'S POWER BACK AT HIM. BUT I WASN'T QUITE FAST ENOUGH. THEY BOTH SUFFERED BRAIN TRAUMA!
WHERE IS HACKBARTH NOW?
D-DOWN THAT CORRIDOR! HONEST!
HE'S TELLING THE TRUTH!

IF YOU'RE LYING, I'D SPEND THE NEXT COUPLE MINUTES MAKING OUT A WILL!
LET'S GO, RANDY.

WHY DIDN'T YOU LET HIM HAVE IT WITH YOUR POWER, DEX?
I--HE HAD ME SO RATTLED, I COULDN'T CONCENTRATE--
WHAT HE SAID ABOUT VOIGT... COULD IT BE TRUE?
I DON'T KNOW!

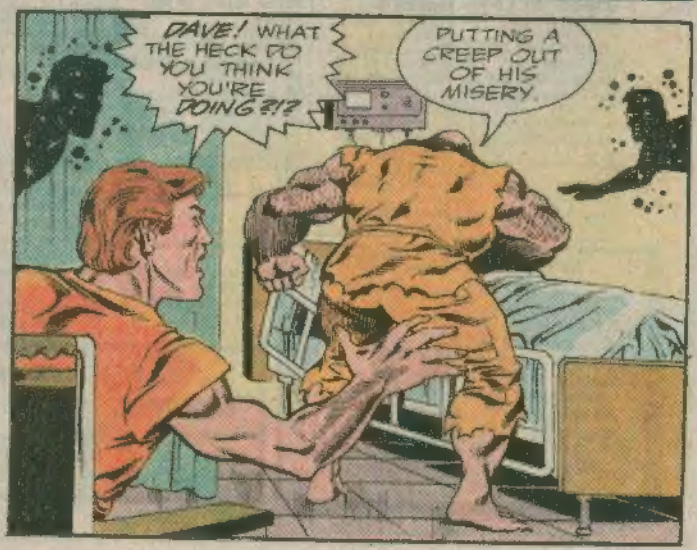
WHERE ARE THE SECURITY GUARDS? HOW COME THOSE TWO ARE STILL WANDERING AROUND? LET'S GO CHECK WITH --
ATTENTION, ALL DEPARTMENT HEADS. PLEASE REPORT TO DR. VOIGT'S OFFICE AT ONCE! I REPEAT--

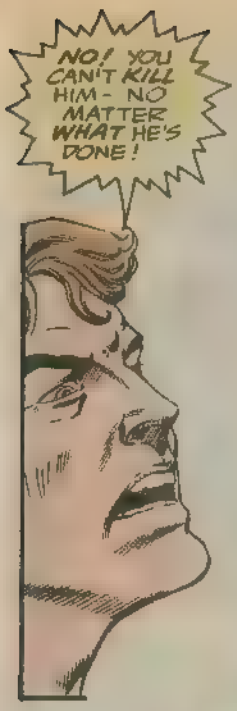

DOWN THE HALL...
LOOKS LIKE THAT LITTLE TWERP WASN'T LYING. HACKBARTH IS HERE.
HE LOOKS IN EVEN WORSE SHAPE THAN STEPHANIE!
WHAT A PITY.

YOU GET YOUR JOLLIES TRYING TO GIVE STEPHIE A STROKE, HACKBARTH? I'LL BET YOU DID.

SNFF SNFF! MY, YOUR ROOM REEKS. DON'T THEY EVER BATHE PEOPLE IN COMAS? HOW CAN YOU STAND TO BREATHE AROUND HERE, HACKBARTH?

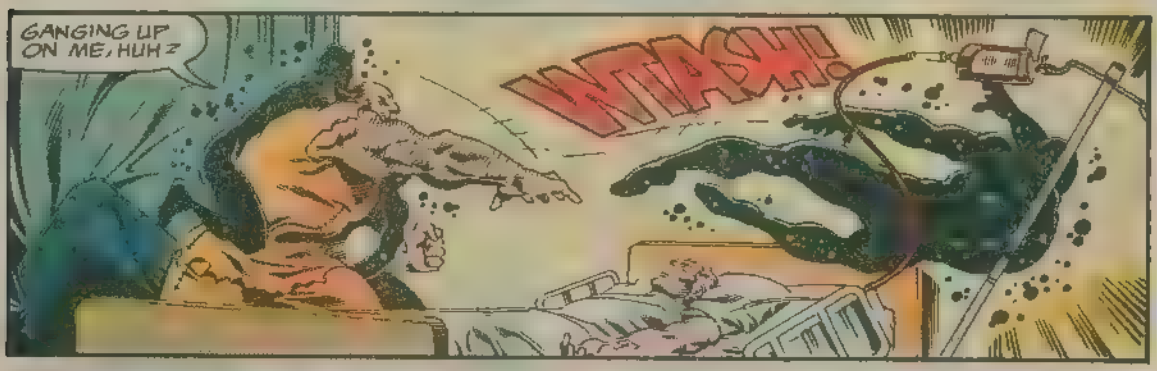
LET ME DO YOU A FAVOR, PAL. LET ME HELP YOU HOLD YOUR BREATH SO YOU DON'T HAVE TO SMELL YOURSELF. WOULD YOU LIKE THAT, HACKBARTH? AM I A NICE GUY, OR WHAT?

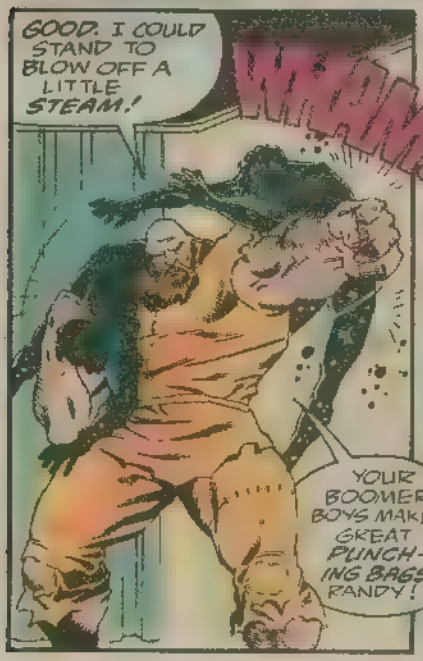

DAVE! WHAT THE HECK DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?!?
PUTTING A CREEP OUT OF HIS MISERY.

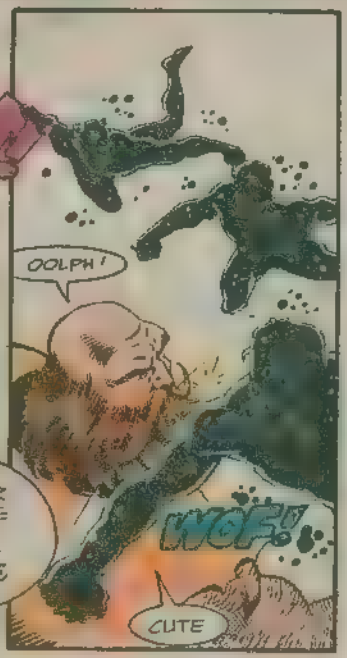

NO! YOU CAN'T KILL HIM - NO MATTER WHAT HE'S DONE!

BESIDES, WE ONLY HAVE CHARNE'S WORD THAT HE WAS THE ONE WHO HURT STEPHIE!
DON'T YOU REMEMBER HOW HE NEARLY KILLED YOU THE NIGHT WE ESCAPED?*
STOP! I MEAN IT!
* BACK IN ISSUE #1.

STOP!
WHA--?


GANGING UP ON ME, HUH?
WHASH!


GOOD. I COULD STAND TO BLOW OFF A LITTLE STEAM!
WHAM!
YOUR BOOMER BOYS MAKE GREAT PUNCH-ING BAGS, RANDY!


OOLPH!
WOF!
CUTE

OKAY, BOZOS. FUN'S FUN, BUT IF YOU DON'T GET OUT OF MY WAY RIGHT NOW, YOUR HOST'S GONNA BE EATING ANTIBODY STEW TONIGHT!

DON'T YOU SEE IT'S VENGEANCE YOU WANT YOU'VE ALREADY GOT IT! STEPH MAY BE IN A COMA BUT SO IS HACKBARTH!
NOT ONLY THAT STEPHIE HAS RECUPERATIVE POWERS THAT HACK DOESN'T!
CALL OFF YOUR GOON SQUAD
I'LL LAY OFF HIM. FOR NOW.
BUT IF I DO LEARN HE'S TOTALLY TO BLAME FOR STEPHIE'S CONDITION A HUNDRED INJUNCTIONS WON'T KEEP ME FROM PULLING THE PLUG ON HIM
MEANWHILE, IN DR VOIGT'S OFFICE
NOW THAT EVERYONE'S HERE, WE CAN GET UNDER WAY
EVERYONE'S WONDERING WHAT'S ON DR VOIGT'S
THAT IS THE REASON WHY THIS MEETING HAS BEEN CALLED.
DR VOIGT HAS UNEXPECTEDLY TAKEN LEAVE OF THE PREMISES UNDER CIRCUMSTANCES THAT ARE NOT YET FULLY KNOWN.
THE RUCKUS THOSE TWO RUN-AWAY PATIENTS O'BRIEN AND WHAT'S-HIS-NAME?
STAFF
ARE YOU SURE
HEAD HUNTING AGENCY'S OFFICE IN MILWAUKEE

AFTER EXPLAINING WHAT SHE "SAW" HAPPEN TO VOIGT...

SO AS SUMING DR VOIGT IS GONE THE CLINIC WILL NEED AN *INTERIM DIRECTOR* TO ASSUME ADMINISTRATIVE FUNCTIONS.

I'D LIKE TO NOMINATE *CRAIG LAGRAVES*, THE CLINIC'S HEAD OF FINANCES.

ME-- HEAD THE CLINIC?

JUST IN THE INTERIM

YOU'VE KEPT THIS PLACE FINANCIALLY AFLOAT CRAIG

WITH ALL DUE RESPECT TO MR LAGRAVES, I BELIEVE *I* WOULD BE MORE APPROPRIATE FOR THE POST ON FIRST I'M A *PARA-NORMAL* MYSELF, SO I AM UNQUIELY *QUALIFIED* TO UNDERSTAND OUR PATIENTS PROBLEMS

SECOND, I'VE WORKED MORE *CLOSELY* WITH DR VOIGT THAN *ANY OF YOU!*

I FEEL *I* CAN PROVIDE THIS PLACE A CONTINUITY OF *VISION*.

YOU TELL THEM, DEXTER

THIRD I'M INSTRUMENTAL TO CERTAIN IMPORTANT *THERAPIES* HERE. IT'S IN THE CLINIC'S BEST INTERESTS TO KEEP ME AS *HAPPY* AS POSSIBLE

JUST WHAT *IS* THIS CONTINUITY OF *VISION* YOU CAN PROVIDE, MR CHARNES IN YOUR OWN WORDS.

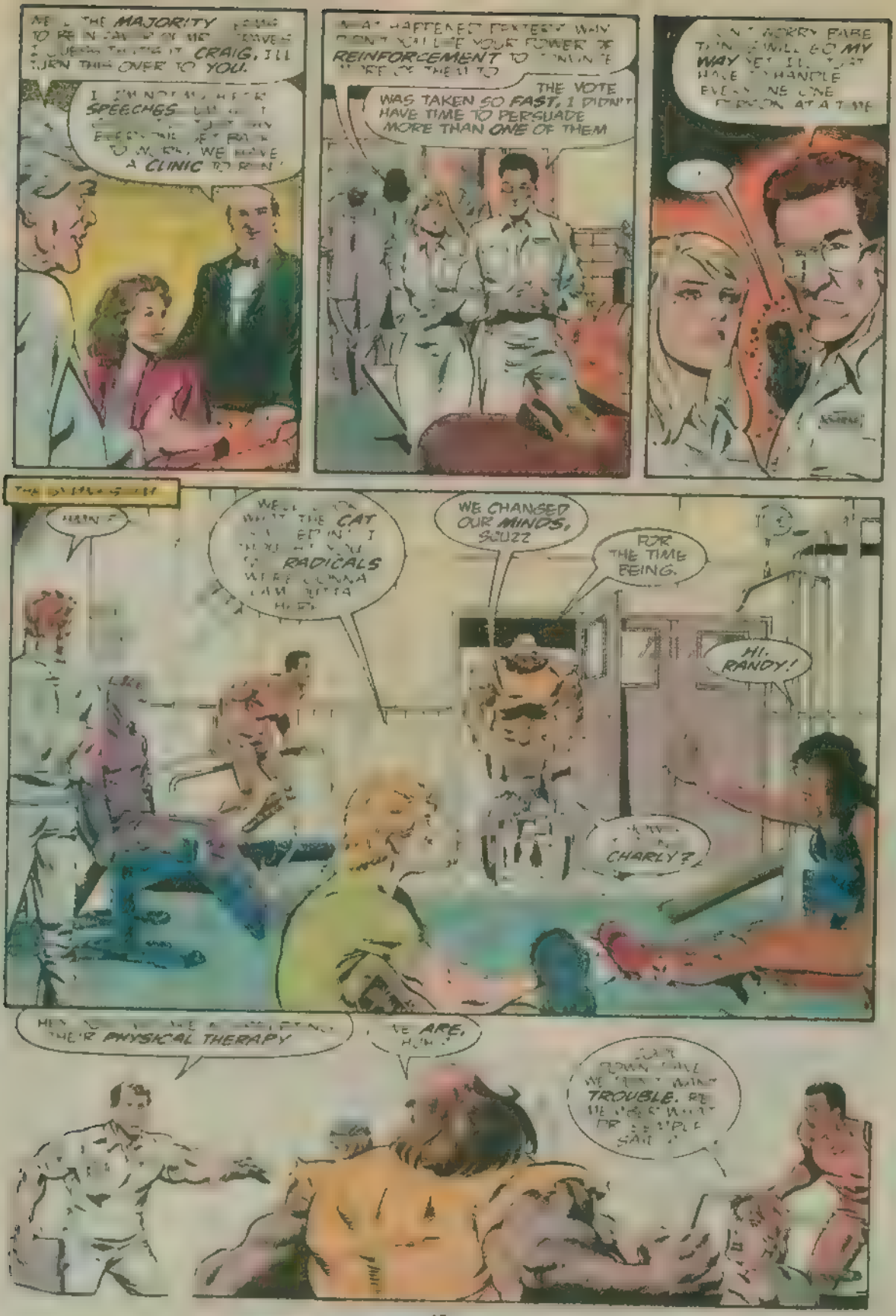
WELL... I FEEL THAT PARA-NORMALS ARE HERE TO *STAY*, AND IF THEY'RE NOT HELPED TO MASTER THEIR ABILITIES, MANKIND WILL BEGIN TO *HATE* AND *FEAR* THEM... ONCE THE PUBLIC REALIZES WE EXIST.

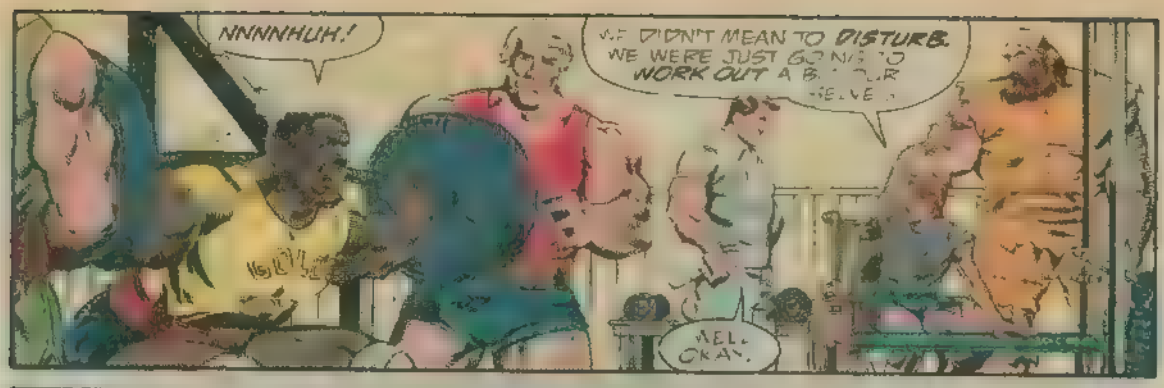
SO YOU'D *KEEP* ALL OF THE PROGRAMS THAT DR VOIGT INSTITUTED, MAKE NO *POLICY CHANGES* AT ALL?

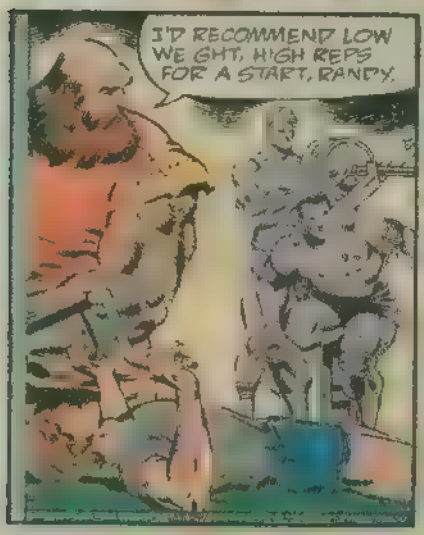
NO. OTHER THAN WHAT'S NECESSARY TO ADJUST TO MODERN PATIENTS' *NEEDS*. DR VOIGT KNEW WHAT HE WAS DOING

VERY WELL LET'S PUT IT TO A *VOTE* THEN

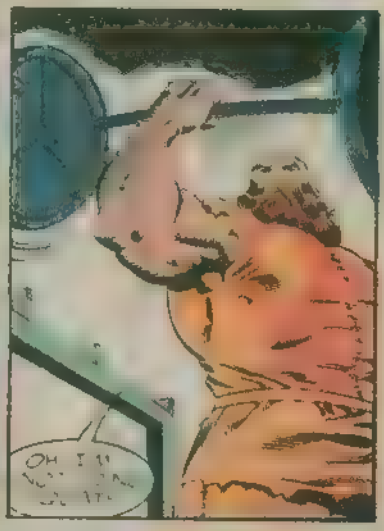
ALL IN FAVOR OF *CRAIG LAGRAVES* AS INTERIM DIRECTOR OF THE CLINIC, SIGNIFY BY RAISING *YOUR HAND*.

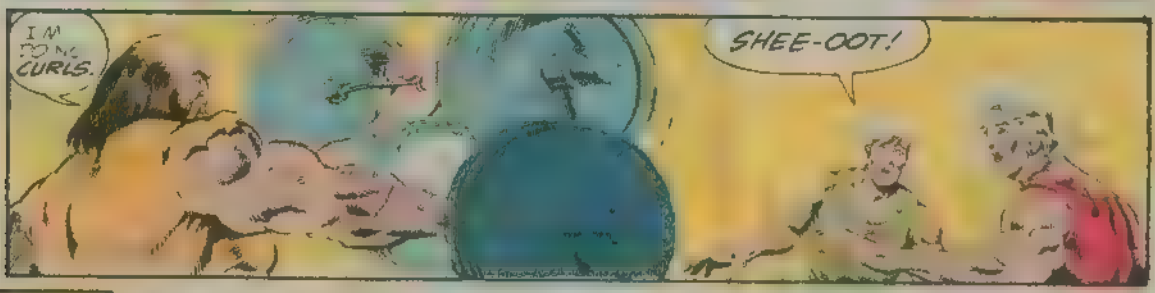

THE MAJORITY
CRAIG, I'LL TURN THIS OVER TO YOU.
SPEECHES
A CLINIC
THE VOTE WAS TAKEN SO FAST, I DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO PERSUADE MORE THAN ONE OF THEM
MY WAY
HUH?
CAT
RADICALS
WE CHANGED OUR MINDS, SCUZZ
FOR THE TIME BEING.
HI, RANDY!
CHARLY?
PHYSICAL THERAPY
ARE,
TROUBLE.

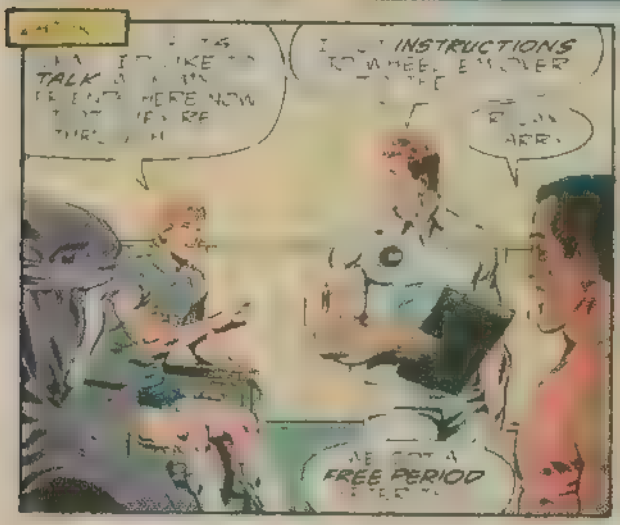

NNNNHUH!
WE DIDN'T MEAN TO DISTURB. WE WERE JUST GOING TO WORK OUT A BIT.
WELL, OKAY.

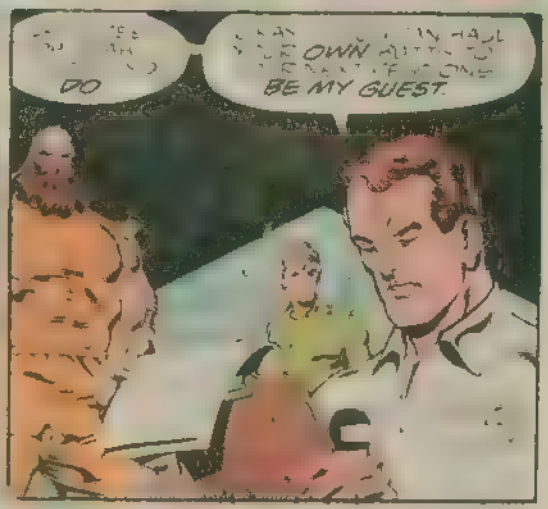

I'D RECOMMEND LOW WEIGHT, HIGH REPS FOR A START, RANDY.

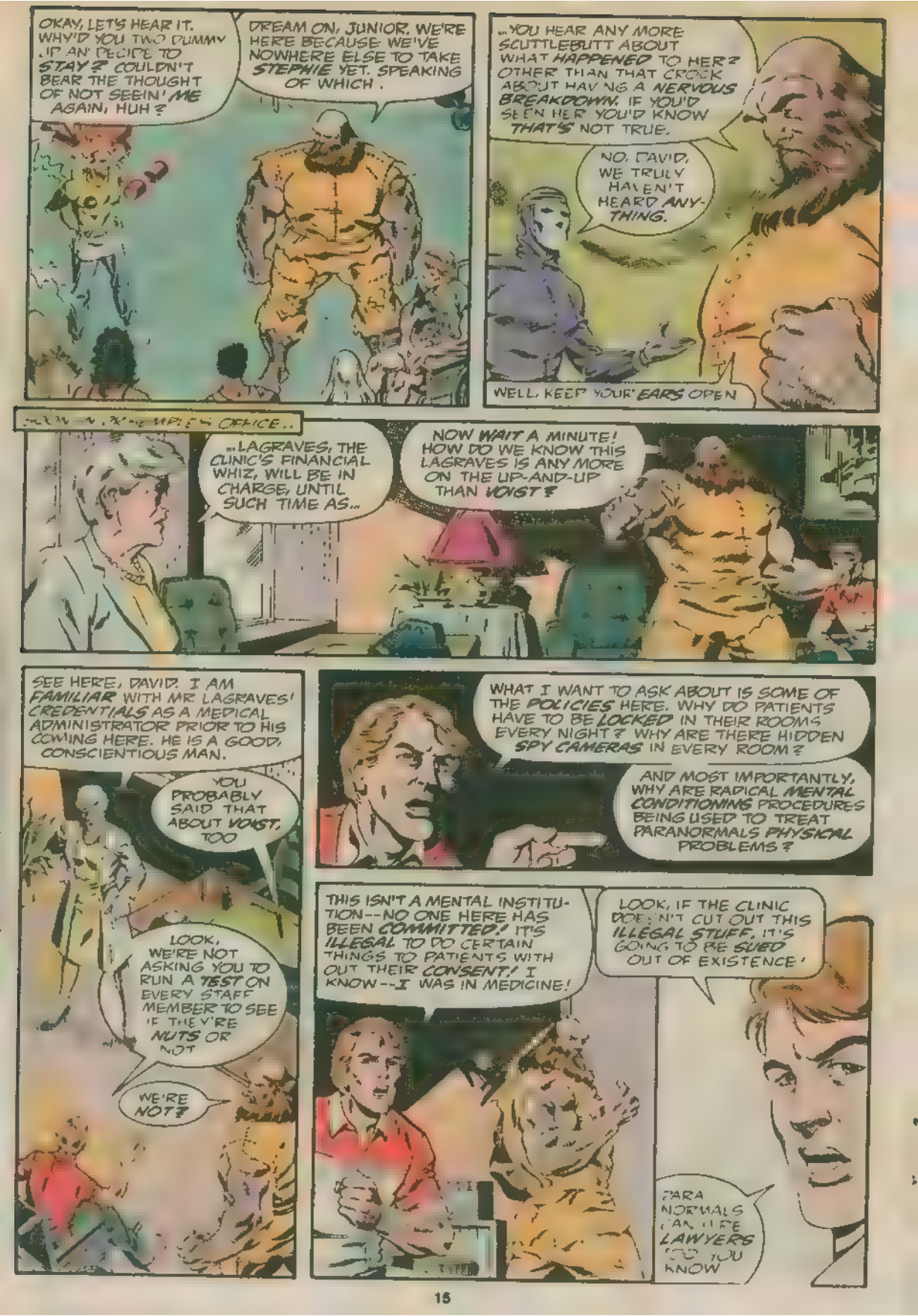
DON'T RECOGNIZE THESE TWO PATIENTS. MUST'VE COME HERE WHILE I WAS AWAY.
FREE WEIGHTS
SQUAT




I'M DOING CURLS.
SHEE-OOT!


TALK
INSTRUCTIONS
WE GOT A FREE PERIOD


DO
OWN
BE MY GUEST.


OKAY, LET'S HEAR IT. WHY'D YOU TWO DUMMY UP AN' DECIDE TO STAY? COULDN'T BEAR THE THOUGHT OF NOT SEEIN' ME AGAIN, HUH?
DREAM ON, JUNIOR. WE'RE HERE BECAUSE WE'VE NOWHERE ELSE TO TAKE STEPHIE YET. SPEAKING OF WHICH.
..YOU HEAR ANY MORE SCUTTLEBUTT ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED TO HER? OTHER THAN THAT CROCK ABOUT HAVING A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN. IF YOU'D SEEN HER YOU'D KNOW THAT'S NOT TRUE.
NO, DAVID, WE TRULY HAVEN'T HEARD ANYTHING.
WELL, KEEP YOUR EARS OPEN
..LAGRAVES, THE CLINIC'S FINANCIAL WHIZ, WILL BE IN CHARGE, UNTIL SUCH TIME AS..
NOW WAIT A MINUTE! HOW DO WE KNOW THIS LAGRAVES IS ANY MORE ON THE UP-AND-UP THAN VOIGT?
SEE HERE, DAVID. I AM FAMILIAR WITH MR LAGRAVES' CREDENTIALS AS A MEDICAL ADMINISTRATOR PRIOR TO HIS COMING HERE. HE IS A GOOD, CONSCIENTIOUS MAN.
YOU PROBABLY SAID THAT ABOUT VOIGT, TOO
LOOK, WE'RE NOT ASKING YOU TO RUN A TEST ON EVERY STAFF MEMBER TO SEE IF THEY'RE NUTS OR NOT
WE'RE NOT?
WHAT I WANT TO ASK ABOUT IS SOME OF THE POLICIES HERE. WHY DO PATIENTS HAVE TO BE LOCKED IN THEIR ROOMS EVERY NIGHT? WHY ARE THERE HIDDEN SPY CAMERAS IN EVERY ROOM?
AND MOST IMPORTANTLY, WHY ARE RADICAL MENTAL CONDITIONING PROCEDURES BEING USED TO TREAT PARANORMALS PHYSICAL PROBLEMS?
THIS ISN'T A MENTAL INSTITUTION--NO ONE HERE HAS BEEN COMMITTED! IT'S ILLEGAL TO DO CERTAIN THINGS TO PATIENTS WITHOUT THEIR CONSENT! I KNOW--I WAS IN MEDICINE!
LOOK, IF THE CLINIC DOESN'T CUT OUT THIS ILLEGAL STUFF, IT'S GOING TO BE SUED OUT OF EXISTENCE!
PARANORMALS CAN'T BE LAWYERS TOO, YOU KNOW

I PROMISE ALL OF THESE CASES WILL BE BROUGHT TO MR. LAGRAVES' ATTENTION AS SOON AS HUMANLY POSSIBLE.

YOU ALSO HAVE MY WORD THAT NO RADICAL TREATMENTS WILL BE PERFORMED ON ANYONE WITHOUT THE PATIENT'S PRIOR CONSENT

GOOD

ONE LAST THING A LONG TIME AGO WE TALKED ABOUT THE POSSIBILITY OF MY FINISHING MY INTERNSHIP HERE

I'D LIKE TO FOLLOW THROUGH ON THAT... JOIN THE CLINIC'S MEDICAL STAFF.

LOOK INTO THAT AS WELL

THANKS DR. SEMPLE

AND

SOUNDS LIKE YOU'RE TOTALLY SOLD THAT THIS PLACE IS NOW SAFE, RANDY. ME, I'M STILL FAR FROM CONVINCED

DR. SEMPLE SEEMS TO BE PLAYING STRAIGHT WITH US SO FAR

YOU MUST ADMIT THAT NOBODY'S BEEN HASSLING US.

LATER

THE SOONER THE POLICY CHANGES WITH PAGE ... WE'LL BE ABLE TO IMPLEMENT THEM

ARE THERE REALLY HIDDEN CAMERAS IN THE PATIENTS ROOMS?

MR. CHARNE! ... WANT LOOKING WHERE

DOR SEMPLE! ... THERE ... A MEDICAL

MR. LAGRAVES HAS JUST HAD A STROKE!

WHAT ... OH MY.

OH, ... SOMEONE WOULD HAVE TO SEE ME ... HIS OFFICE

SOON.

IT WAS SO *WEIRD*, ORV. I WAS COMING TO SEE HIM ABOUT LANDERS AND O'BRIEN'S THERAPY, RIGHT? I *KNOCK* ON THE DOOR, THERE'S NO *ANSWER*, BUT I HEAR A FUNNY *SOUND*...

SO I OPEN THE DOOR AND SEE *DR. SEMPLE* STANDING OVER HIM, DOING GOD KNOWS WHAT SHE SEES *ME*, AND RUNS OUT OF THE ROOM LIKE SHE'S BEEN CAUGHT WITH HER *HAND* IN THE *COOKIE JAR*...

HE - HE'S *LYING*, THAT - THAT -!

HOW DOES CHARNE EXPECT TO *GET AWAY* WITH SUCH FABRICATIONS?? THE STAFF KNOWS THAT *HE* IS THE ONE WITH THE *PARABILITY* TO AFFECT *MINDS*-- PERHAPS EVEN GIVING PEOPLE *STROKES*!

WAIT-- THAT'S *IT*. HE IS GOING TO AFFECT THE *MINDS* OF THE *SECURITY CHIEF* AND ANYONE *ELSE* HE HAS TO SO THEY *BELIEVE* HIS STORY!

I I'VE GOT TO GET *HELP*. NO ONE WILL *EVER* TAKE MY WORD AGAINST HIS IF HE *GETS* TO THEM FIRST.

WHO CAN I *TRUST* TO? WAIT-- WHO HAS THE *POWER* TO HELP ME?

SHORTLY

ACCORDING TO THE FRONT DESK, *RANDY O'BRIEN* TOOK HIS BELONGINGS OUT OF STORAGE AND GOT A ROOM ASSIGNMENT.

OH, PLEASE, [illegible]--!

NOW

NOW

RANDY ARE YOU THERE?

DR. SEMPLE! WHAT'S *WRONG*? YOU LOOK SO--

HE REALLY LOOKS *PANICKY*.

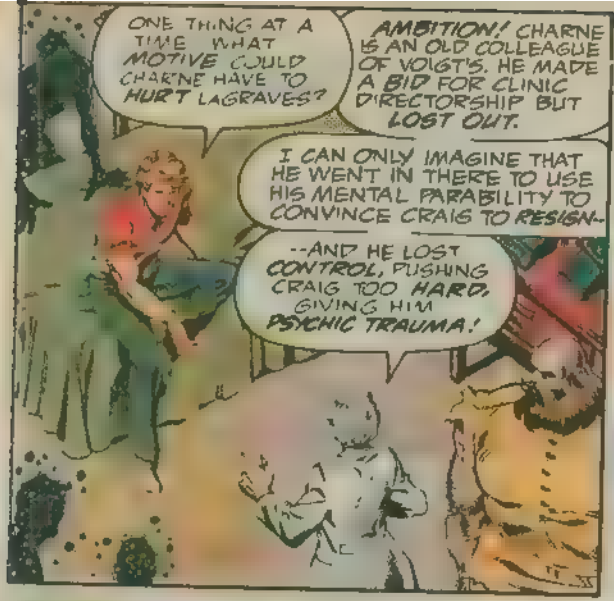
I MUST *SPEAK* TO YOU BOY! AT ONCE! YOU MAY BE THE ONLY ONES WHO CAN *HELP*!

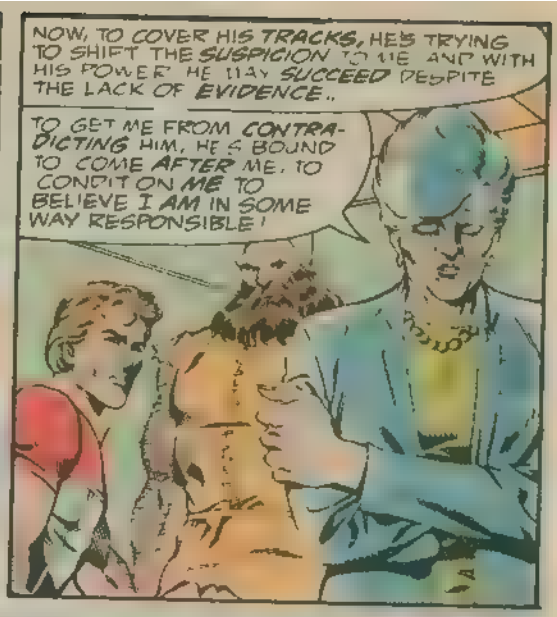
WHAT -?

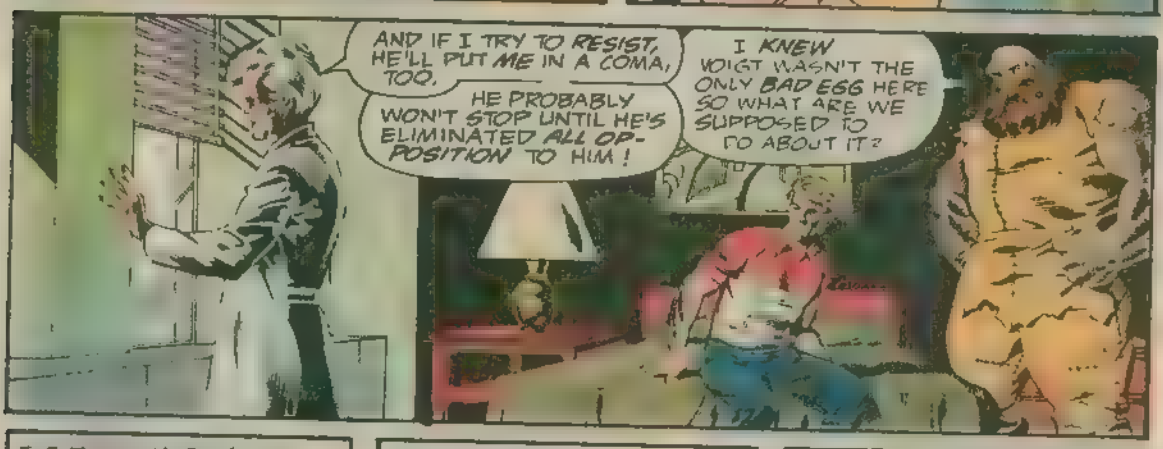
CRAIG LAGRAVES HAS JUST GONE INTO A *COMA*-- JUST LIKE *STEPHANIE* AND *HACKBARTH*! I CAUGHT *DEXTER CHARNE* COMING OUT OF HIS ROOM JUST AFTER IT HAPPENED!

DO YOU THINK CHARNE--

YES, AND WHAT'S MORE, HE'S CONVINCING THE REST OF THE STAFF THAT *I* HAD SOMETHING TO *DO* WITH IT!

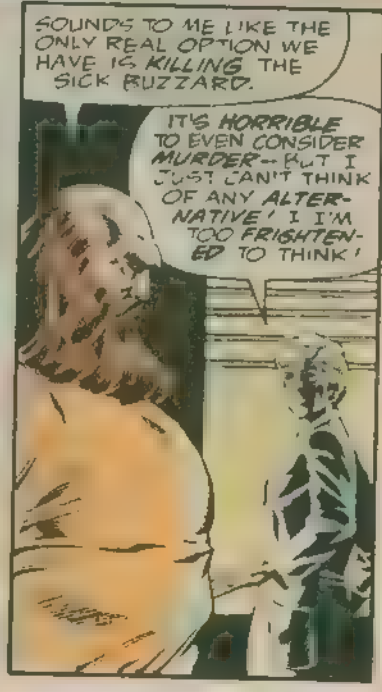

ONE THING AT A TIME WHAT MOTIVE COULD CHARNE HAVE TO HURT LAGRAVES?
AMBITION! CHARNE IS AN OLD COLLEAGUE OF VOIGT'S. HE MADE A BID FOR CLINIC DIRECTORSHIP BUT LOST OUT.
I CAN ONLY IMAGINE THAT HE WENT IN THERE TO USE HIS MENTAL PARABILITY TO CONVINCE CRAIG TO RESIGN--
--AND HE LOST CONTROL, PUSHING CRAIG TOO HARD, GIVING HIM PSYCHIC TRAUMA!


NOW, TO COVER HIS TRACKS, HE'S TRYING TO SHIFT THE SUSPICION TO ME AND WITH HIS POWER HE MAY SUCCEED DESPITE THE LACK OF EVIDENCE..
TO GET ME FROM CONTRADICTING HIM, HE'S BOUND TO COME AFTER ME, TO CONDIT ON ME TO BELIEVE I AM IN SOME WAY RESPONSIBLE!


AND IF I TRY TO RESIST, HE'LL PUT ME IN A COMA, TOO.
HE PROBABLY WON'T STOP UNTIL HE'S ELIMINATED ALL OPPOSITION TO HIM!
I KNEW VOIGT WASN'T THE ONLY BAD EGG HERE SO WHAT ARE WE SUPPOSED TO DO ABOUT IT?

I I DON'T KNOW! I'VE NEVER HAD ACCESS TO HIS FILE! I DON'T KNOW HOW POWERFUL HIS MENTAL PARABILITY IS--HOW CLOSE HE HAS TO BE TO USE IT ON A PERSON!
I'M AFRAID, BOYS. HOW CAN ANYONE STOP A MAN WHO CAN CRIPPLE W TH HIS MIND?

UM, MAYBE WE COULD SEDATE HIM... USE DRUGS TO KEEP HIM UNCONSCIOUS LIKE THEY DID TO US RUNAWAYS. NO WAIT, AFTER RAISING SUCH A STINK ABOUT ILLEGAL PROCEDURES--
I CAN'T VERY WELL ADVOCATE AN EXCEPTION.


SOUNDS TO ME LIKE THE ONLY REAL OPTION WE HAVE IS KILLING THE SICK BUZZARD.
IT'S HORRIBLE TO EVEN CONSIDER MURDER--BUT I JUST CAN'T THINK OF ANY ALTERNATIVE! I'M TOO FRIGHTENED TO THINK!

I COULD *LEAVE* THE CLINIC AT ONCE, BUT THAT WOULD NOT ONLY MAKE ME LOOK *GUILTY*, IT WOULD ALSO LEAVE EVERYONE HERE AT HIS *MERCY!*

THERE'S *GOT* TO BE ANOTHER ALTERNATIVE--THERE'S *GOT TO BE!* YOU JUST CAN'T *KILL* PEOPLE, NO MATTER *WHAT* THEY'VE DONE OR MIGHT DO...

IF IT'S *KILL* OR *BE KILLED* YOU CAN, PAL.

THAT LITTLE TWERP MUST HAVE *LIED* TO ME WHEN HE SAID HE WASN'T THE ONE WHO HARMED STEPHANIE. I *OWE HIM* FOR THAT.

DON'T WORRY, DR. SEMPLE. I'LL MAKE SURE HE DOESN'T HURT *YOU* OR ANYONE *ELSE* EVER AGAIN. I'M *NOT AFRAID* OF HIM. I THINK I'M *IMMUNE* TO HIS PARA-WHATEVER...

BUT--!

STAY HERE WITH HER, RANDY.. I'LL TAKE CARE OF THIS *MYSELF*.

THE VIDEO SURVEILLANCE ROOM...

DARN! I COULDN'T ACTIVATE THE VIDEOCAM IN O'BRIEN'S ROOM IN TIME TO HEAR WHAT THEY *SAID!* AND *LOOK*--THERE'S LANDERS COMING DOWN CORRIDOR *ZC!*

GOD, HOW I *HATE* PEOPLE WHOSE MINDS ARE *OPAQUE* TO ME!

HE'S COMING *HERE*, I'LL BET.

YOU'D BETTER *LEAVE*, TRACY. WHAT I'LL HAVE TO DO TO HIM WILL BE *MESSY*--YOU MIGHT GET HURT--!

NO, DEX--

--WE'RE IN THIS *TOGETHER!*

KWHAM

DEXTER CHARNE! I THOUGHT I'D FIND YOU HERE IN YOUR PEEPING TOM GALLERY. I TOLD YOU LAST TIME IF I FOUND OUT YOU LIED TO ME, THERE'D BE THE DEVIL TO PAY!

WELL, HERE COMES THE DEVIL!
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, LANDERS? I TOLD YOU THE TRUTH! I NEVER HURT ANYBODY! IT WAS HACKBARTH, I SWEAR!
ARE YOU BLAMING HIM FOR LAGRAVES' COMA TOO NOW? HAH!

IT MAKES ME SICK THAT WE'RE BOTH CALLED PARA-NORMALS!
STAY BACK! I'M WARNING YOU!
MY POWER--HE'S TOTALLY RESISTING--! I'VE NO CHOICE!

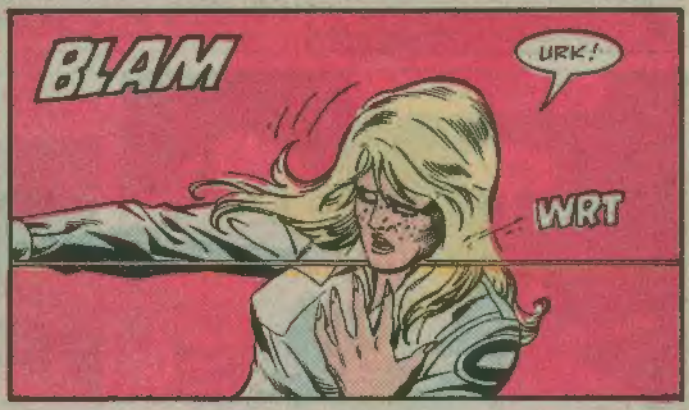
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM

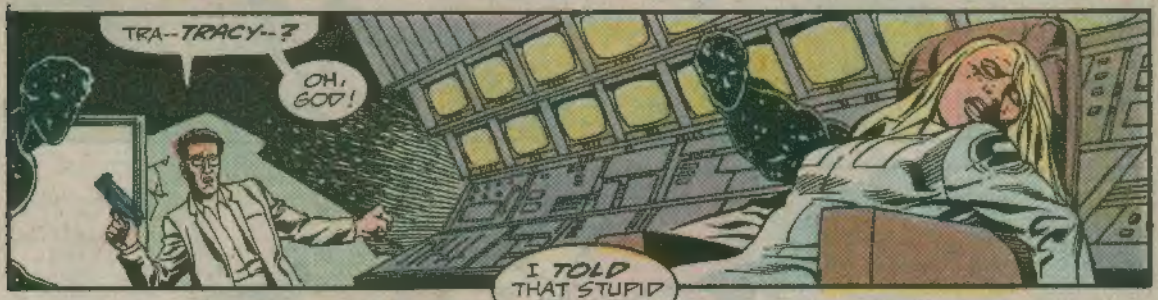
HA! THOUGHT I WASN'T PREPARED FOR YOU, HMH?
UNNNNHH!

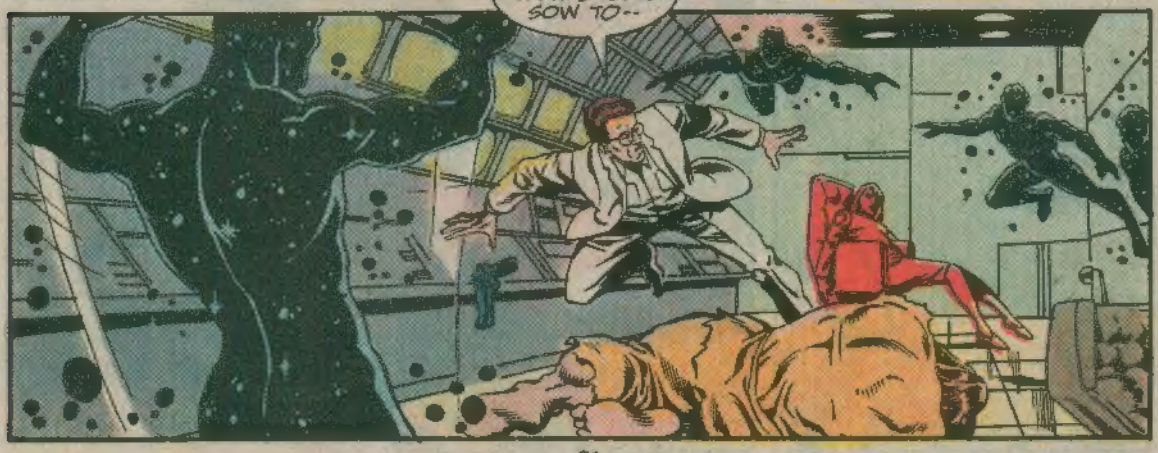
YOU DUMB ANIMAL--KISS YOUR LIFE GOODBYE!
CLIK

BLAM
WHA--?

GODLESS ANTIBODIES! DIE!
BLAM


BLAM
URK!
WRT


TRA--TRACY--?
OH, GOD!


I TOLD THAT STUPID SOW TO--

WHUP--!

LET ME PAST, YOU BLACK NOTHING!
UHLLL...

LET ME GET PAST!
STINKING THINGS HAVE NO MINDS TO AFFECT!

CHARNEEEEEEEE...
OH!

THIS...IS...FOR... STEPHANIE...!
N-N-N-N--!

?
UHLK!

KRAK

WHAT IN--?

LATER...

INCREDIBLE--! THE BULLETS FLATTENED AND IMBEDDED IN THE OUTER LAYERS OF HIS MUSCLE WITHOUT PENETRATING!

UH, HANG ON, FELLA-- I'LL GET SOMETHING TO PRY THOSE SLUGS OUT.

SURE.

ANYWAY, I WAS GOING TO KILL HIM, BUT I DIDN'T. ONE OF THE ANTIBODIES DID. GUESS THAT'S GOING TO BE PRETTY HARD TO PROVE, WHAT WITH NO WITNESSES, HUH?

NO, AN AUTOPSY OUGHT TO DETERMINE IF IT WERE HANDS THE SIZE OF YOURS OR AN ANTIBODY'S THAT CRUSHED MR. CHARNE'S WINDPIPE.

HOW IN THE WORLD ARE WE GOING TO KEEP THE POLICE FROM BLOWING THE LID OFF THIS PLACE...?

-END-